

The Big Romance Is On Again

*The hands of trees discovering once more
the fresh
familiar flesh of hills,
the reaching tickle of the roots
fingering
the private place of summer.*

*The dreaming in the loins is repeated
everywhere.
Even in the stiffened angles of the cliffs
fuzz is showing;
bony girls, growing up.*

-- Adassa Frank

Needham Heights, Mass.

My Love
*has placed
the vase
of lilacs
in the window
through which
I see
a lilac bush
and
beyond
the sunset.*

-- Ralph J. Salisbury

Eugene, Oregon